The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Memorial Day Number, 1922

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

"What man is his own master when once he has taken truth and conscience as his guides?"

υ λ

There is still room to hope that, though the Genoa Conference as originally conceived should fail, it may lead to conditions in which something better can be attempted. (*London Times.*)

υ λ

The world is now just one-tenth of a second wide. Wireless has done it. Man has touched the ether waves with the perturbations of his restless spirit, and, within the winkling of an eye, by man-made receptive nerves, at the Antipodes his brother hears his speech. At last the world is one chamber, where no man, however remote in the flesh from other men, is beyond the sound of the voices of his fellows. (*World's Work.*)

υ λ

The hope of the world nowadays is not in armies or in navies, not even in the elimination of war by chemistry; it is in thought and the better understanding of life, in the acceptance of knowledge and the infusion of credibility into many things that have seemed incredible. That is the job of science—to make the incredible credible, to make the incomprehensible understandable; to increase belief, especially in scientists, and to confirm religious people in all the truth they have and to detach them from such error as is mixed with it. (*E. S. Martin.*)

υ λ

The millions of dollars contributed by Americans to Armenian relief in the past was based upon the assumption that these distressed people should henceforth be safeguarded by international agreements against the renewal of Turkish atrocities. To-day they are threatened again with the worst of their former sufferings, and this under allied stipulations which would not be thinkable if our government had taken a hand in the procedure. This is a responsibility which we can not evade, and in the present voiceless condition of the United States in international affairs the best that we can do is to increase to the utmost the measures for relief of a starving and dying people through the efficient services of the Near East Relief. (*Christian Century.*)

υ λ

We shall have to speak softly to Japan about Siberia as long as our marines remain without semblance of law in Haiti. (*National Council for Reduction of Armaments Bulletin.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

The newer patriotism is a larger and better patriotism.

* *

Train the world's children for peace as Prussia once trained her children for war.

* *

Shame upon those who look upon this sacred Memorial Day as but a time for sports.

* *

It is hard to tell whether it was the heroism or the hardship which most glorified our soldiers.

* *

No one will be so glad to hear the message of peace as the soldiers who knew the horrors of war.

* *

Teach peace when surrounded by the memories of war; there is always a new generation coming on.

* *

Pray for peace, talk for peace, work for peace, as the highest tribute to those who fought for peace.

* *

The greatest military command of all history was that of General Grant when he said, "Let us have peace."

* *

The soldiers of the Blue and the Grey are fraternizing; only the noncombatants cherish the bitter grudge.

* *

Teach the blessed activities of peace if you would win away the youth of to-day from the glorified history of war.

* *

Next to the men beneath the sod, those men out there in the dwindling procession deserve our love and sympathy.

* *

"War never did come off the decks of battleships or from the mouths of cannon. War comes out of the hearts of men."

* *

Be ye armed with the spirit of peace, for it is not conceivable that there will not be the challenge for nations to fight.

* *

Salute the flag, children, as it waves above the wavering line of the old Boys in Blue, and not alone in the school room.

* *

There are long years ahead for the human race. God forbid that they should be obliged to learn the terrors of war through experience.

* *

The thing to magnify in our Civil War has come half a century after in the glorious fellowship which has taken the place of sectionalism.

* *

It should not be necessary for the old members of the G. A. R. to pump up patriotic enthusiasm in the school children once a year, just before Memorial Day. What do we have teachers for?

* *

It is a marvel how the elasticity of the old soldier's legs is renewed at the sound of the fife and drum! Of course there is better music, lots of it, but there are some things the better music can not do.

* *

There is a new patriotism in this new age, and it is bigger and better than simple loyalty to the country in which we live; it is a growing patriotism to humanity whether on our side of the national line or the other. "God hath made of one blood all the nations."

* *

The Universalist Year Book

The *Universalist Register*, so long a familiar and helpful record of our organizations, has given place to a larger and more adequate publication, a year book issued by the General Convention instead of by the Publishing House. It replaces both the *Register* and the report of the General Convention. The first volume of the year book, edited by Dr. McCollester and Mr. Etz, has just come from the press, and they may well take pride in the result of their labors. It is for sale by the Secretary of the General Convention at one dollar a copy.

Recruiting for the Ministry

In post-offices, railroad stations and on billboards, our Government, even in times of peace, is constantly reminding our boys of the duty and opportunity of serving in the army and navy. Why should there be Sunday schools without posters appealing

for recruits for that profession without which Sunday schools and churches could not permanently exist? Why shouldn't we have the appeal of this form of service presented to all our boys and girls, particularly in our schools. St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, is to have a conference on the ministry next month, to which churches are to send boys of high school age. It is not intended to ask or accept pledges or decisions from the boys, but to present the claims of the ministry for their thoughtful consideration. In a letter to rectors, Dr. Samuel S. Drury, rector of St. Paul's school, writes: "We want your best boy, not necessarily your most useful or pliable or church-frequenting youth, but your best boy, one who could be described as 'a leader and a Christian,' and furthermore, in all this, we want your vestry to co-operate so that the selection and sending of this boy or these two boys will mean corporate parochial interest. For it is the laymen's business also to secure for the church a due supply of faithful and fit pastors."

The Portent

It is astonishing how many people are filled with apprehension as to the outcome of the immediate future; it almost seems that we have hatched a mighty brood of Jeremiahs. It matters not in what group you pause, you are sure to hear solemn warnings of what is liable to take place. Labor and capital are right on edge for the big battle; taxes are going to overwhelm all those who are fortunate enough to have taxes to pay; domestic and foreign friction is stirring up ill temper, and want and suffering in distant parts of the world make it uncomfortable living right here. "What is the world coming to?" is a question thrust at us every day. The newspapers aid and abet the discontent, and magazines and books add fuel to the fire, making more smoke. Well, if we were asked to furnish a soothing powder to be taken every day, we should say in the sweetest tone and the most angelic temper: "Everybody shut up, and go to work!" We are not going to die because we have indigestion; it hurts like sin, but we are going to get over it. Man's normal state is one of health and happiness, and we are on the way towards normalcy, if we all stop talking everything down and begin to talk things up. Too much talk will suggest more evil in half an hour than can be cured in a dozen years. Take a bath in common sense each morning and the spooks of the night will hie away.

* *

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

YESTERDAY it was a great host of marching men, to-day it is a thinning line of blue, to-morrow it will be a memory and a symbol. Yet its to-morrow may well be greater than all its yesterdays. For as the clamor and tumult of its deed dies into silence the meaning and majesty of its dream grows upon us. Lincoln is its symbol because in him its dumb multitudes found their great voice. "With malice toward none, with charity for all" they fought for others, not themselves. Here, for the first time in history, the possessors of freedom gave themselves, that an alien race might be free. Their fathers fought to free themselves, they fought to free others. That is the imperishable meaning, the ever repeated message, of Memorial Day. It is for us in their spirit to carry forward to a greater peace than they won, a peace that waits until all races are free and brethren one of another.

* *

MEMORIAL DAY

ABOVE and beyond all else, Memorial Day ought to be a perpetual reminder that we are the living children of a world that has died for us. Already in many places the graves of those who fell in the war for independence as well as of those who fell in the war for freedom are decorated. In not a few cases wreaths are laid upon the mounds that cover those whose boyish laughter still echoes in our hearts.

But why should it end here? All these are companies of the ever-marching host that have given themselves that we might have a freer and a nobler world. And on Memorial Day it is for us not simply to pay tribute to their memories, but to reconsecrate ourselves to their unfinished task. How shall we meet their spirits if we be not true to their spirit?

* *

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY

DR. JAMES W. STONE, in his account of the first Festival of the Sons of New Hampshire, celebrated in Boston, Nov. 7, 1849, says that "there marched through the streets of Boston a procession of men of various ages, who were individually recognized as persons of worth, enterprise and influence. These fifteen hundred men were natives of the State of New Hampshire, who had left their homes to avail themselves of the opportunities offered in the city of Boston. They united that day to commemorate, in a festal manner, the early recollections and associations of their youth."

If there were in Boston in 1849 more than fifteen hundred men, natives of another state, how many must there be to-day? The number would startle us if we knew.

These inhabitants of our cities who have come from other climes rarely forget the scenes of their youth. They delight in journeying back to the places whence they came. Before the advent of the automobile, the homecomings were few and far between. Of late, however, all summer long, Sundays have become Old Home Days for many people.

And herein lies an evil.

Many of the rural towns have only summer preaching services. Students from theological schools and ministers from larger fields endeavor to hold regular services in country churches. When the season begins, the people rejoice as they look forward to a series of inspiring services. More often than not they are disappointed, because of the week-end excursions of relatives from far-away places. Meals must be prepared, entertainment must be provided, the burden for which rests upon the folks at home. Church attendance for them is out of the question.

When you go home this summer on those Sunday trips, take your lunch basket with you; insist on the people going to church with you, fill the old family pew. You will thus be making the folks at home happy. Sunday will then be for all a "day of rest and gladness."

Dedicating the Living

The Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D.

MEMORIAL DAY is with us again! This day, conceived in the heart of a gallant soldier, and consecrated to the memory of the heroes of the sixties, bids fair to become sacred also to the hosts of our nation who fought and served in the last and greatest of wars.

But whether this shall prove to be the case or not, it is the idea behind it that is gripping me at this moment. What is the real function of Memorial Day? And how can we be worthy of it?

Years before the Day was ordained the Greatest American answered these questions for us. Abraham Lincoln, on the field of Gettysburg, gave us an immortal example. Standing there, in the midst of innumerable graves of those who had perished in that decisive struggle, he told us the only way of honoring the memory of the heroic dead. Listen to those deathless words:

> "It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

The dedication of the living! Such is the real function of Memorial Day. And any observance of it that does not do this is a failure.

In one way only can we truly honor our heroes gone before. We must be loyal to the spirit that made them heroic. He who argues that to be loyal to Washington's memory we must do and say just the things Washington did shoots wide of the mark. Inspired by an utter and unselfish patriotism, Washington did that which the welfare of the people at that time demanded. In the same spirit, if we would honor him, we must do what the present welfare of the people demands. It is quite conceivable that the thing we do to-day in that spirit may be in flat contradiction of something which Washington did in his day, yet be in perfect harmony with the patriotic mind of the Father of our country.

Careless thinkers habitually go off on a tangent at this point. They insist that we can be true to the fathers only by literally and slavishly copying their policies. Not so. We can be true to the fathers only by following the *spirit* of their policies. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." We learn their spirit by noting what they did in view of the peculiar conditions and circumstances of their own times. And we are true to their memory only when we, in the same spirit of utter unselfishness, do the right thing in view of the peculiar conditions and circumstances of our own times.

> "New occasions teach new duties;
> Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still, and onward,
> Who would keep abreast of Truth."

One right and nation-wide observance of Memorial Day would give us a new birth of freedom. It would break the shackles of precedent and send us all forth to grapple with the problems of to-day in the eternal spirit of the heroic dead. It would make us real Americans.

The most abused expression of the last five years is, "one hundred per cent Americanism." It has been worse than abused. It has been made the slogan of a narrow and intolerable political dogmatism. When rightly understood and sympathetically expressed, there is nothing more glorious than one hundred per cent Americanism. But it was made a bludgeon in the hands of tyrants to beat down loyal conscience, and a gag to throttle free expression.

What is Americanism?

Americanism is an expression of the spirit of human freedom, freedom of body, mind and soul, and with free access to every means of ensuring and enlarging that freedom which is not inconsistent with the equal rights of others.

Nothing less than this is Americanism. A little careful study of our national history, with sincere desire to sense the spirit of it, will prove this true. From Plymouth Rock to the present moment, in spite of every force and sentiment of reaction, the history of America has meant freedom, religious, political and economic freedom, and in steadily increasing degree.

Who, then, is the one hundred per cent American?

He is the patriot who comprehends this American spirit of constantly enlarging human freedom, who is in sympathy with it, and who is willing to live for it. I say *live for it* advisedly. Often men will die for a cause who have not the patience or the moral fortitude to live for it. Remember Ernest Crosby's haunting stanzas:

> So he died for his faith? That is fine;
> More than most of us do.
> But say, can you add to that line
> That he lived for it, too?
>
> In his death he bore witness at last
> As a martyr to truth.
> Did his life do the same in the past,
> From the days of his youth?
>
> It is easy to die. Men have died
> For a wish or a whim,
> For bravado, or passion, or pride—
> Was it harder for him?
>
> But to live—every day to live out
> All the truth that he dreamt—
> While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
> And the world with contempt!
>
> Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
> Never turning aside?
> Then we'll talk of the life that he lived;
> Never mind how he died!

Dedicated to the unfinished work!

Shall we this Memorial Day honor our noble dead by "carrying on" in the spirit of their martyrdom? How faithfully have we carried aloft the torch of those who died in Flanders that tyranny might be de-

stroyed and that brotherhood and peace might prevail in all the earth?

There is something to do if we would "carry on" in the spirit of four years ago. And it will call for a courage unsurpassed by anything revealed in those heroic days.

To be dedicated to the unfinished work!

Nothing is finished, but everything is in the process of becoming. The challenge is to every heroic impulse. Sometimes in our shadowed moments the goal seems as distant and unattainable as ever. But we shall break faith with those who died if we do not this day pledge our lives and our sacred honor to its unwearied pursuit.

The World in Washington

IV In Memory of Grant

John van Schaick, Jr.

THE Grant Centennial has come and gone. It seems agreed that it did not make a great impression upon the country, and people are asking why.

A thoughtful old veteran coming away from the exercises here said to me, "He does not seem to last as a popular character, and I believe it was because he did nothing picturesque." "No," said another, "it wasn't that, but he made such a poor President. That has sort of dimmed his glory." A professor of biography, a new chair by the way, remarks in the *New Republic*, "Perhaps Grant has dropped out of sight because the Great War has dwarfed the Civil War and disgusted us with all wars. Or," he goes on, "does the centennial lack enthusiasm because Grant fought nobly in a noble cause, without recognizing its nobility?"

There are some things about Grant so great and so appealing that I doubt if his figure recedes. On the contrary, his career will grip us more as time passes on.

Last year I drove my car up Mt. McGregor, north of Saratoga, and visited the little cottage where he fought his long and losing fight with cancer of the throat, and wrote with desperate energy and determination to finish his "Memoirs," that his wife might not be left penniless. It was only an ordinary frame cottage, but the world will remember it as one of his greatest battlefields.

To get rich quick, he had gone into partnership with an unscrupulous sharper, risked all he had, refused to accept good advice, got his name linked up with that of a man whom nobody of standing would trust, and lost all he had and more in the crash. That was the almost incomprehensible Grant—so faulty in his choice of advisers, so short-sighted, so heedless. But when it happened, there was no question as to what Grant would do. He stripped himself of everything, even his trophies and expensive presents, to pay his debts. Until he could start over, he had to eat humbly the bread of his friends. Then while casting about for a new start he got the deadly blow—the verdict of an incurable malady, the certainty of a long, lingering, painful, losing fight.

It was in that hour that the real, fundamental, bulldog courage and determination of Grant were revealed at their best. He kept at the book when he could dictate only in a whisper, when he had to write slowly and painfully a few sentences at a time, and when the whole physical man cried out to him to let it go and to rest.

Four days after that July day in 1885 when he finished it, he died. But he had produced a model of clear, simple, direct statement, a valuable contribution to the history of his country, and a work whose great sale insured the comfort of his dependents.

Few who know the story can come away from that little cottage on Mt. McGregor without feeling that they have been in contact with something big and vital, and at the same time inexpressibly touching and beautiful.

At the exercises in Washington, April 27, it was left for an old, grizzled, Confederate veteran to stir the crowd to the great enthusiasm of the day. He spoke of the magnanimity and kindness of Grant to the South, and, waving the Stars and Stripes, expressed not only the allegiance but the love of his people for the flag of the country. The breadth, the good-will, the kindly consideration of the victorious general ought to insure Grant's place in history. Hardly any of the great generals of the last war have anything like it. Foch was the generalissimo and professor of the science of war all through the Peace Conference and, as Garvin said lately, "is ready to the last button today for the invasion of the Ruhr." He would impose harder and harder terms on Germany, and settle every problem with the French army.

Grant ought to be remembered everywhere as he is remembered in the South, as the man who met Lee with such courtesy at Appomattox, who stopped the firing of salutes in celebration of victory, who said, "Let the men who own their horses keep them, they will need them on their farms," and who let officers and men keep side-arms and personal baggage. This kind of thing made possible the reunion of the country and the noble tribute which the head of the Confederate Veterans paid to Grant here in Washington the other day.

It is said that, on his tour around the world, Grant was invited to follow some maneuvers and see a great review in Germany, but said to the Emperor, "I am not a military man. I am only an old farmer."

One of the most famous of his utterances is "Let us have peace."

One which ought to be as famous is the one where he discussed a league or an association of nations as not only desirable but inevitable—as the only way for nations to settle differences.

Though educated at West Point, seasoned in the Mexican War, made famous in the Civil War as a military commander, he never joined the military caste who get so warped intellectually and pass so easily from the conviction that war is inevitable to the other conviction that it is not the worst way of

settling the affairs of the world. Grant looms up as a chieftain who really believed in the ideals of peace.

In school we used to debate the question: "Resolved, that Lee was a greater general than Grant." All the historians and military experts of the world have debated it. I am not one to decide the question.

I am happy to see Lee loom up bigger and bigger with the passing years both as a general and as a man.

I am not happy to see Grant drop back. As a general he often was called a butcher. His campaigns have been severely criticised by some authorities.

But two things are evident at once to anybody: Grant saw his objective; he went for it with inflexible and unwavering determination. "I will fight it out on this line," he said, "if it takes all summer." That was the real Grant. At Vicksburg he changed his line but never the objective. He would not quit.

Whether these things will give him enduring fame as a general, I do not know. I do know that they make him a priceless heritage to us as a man.

With all that, his modesty, his simplicity, his scorn of the trappings of war or peace, link him to the common man.

And the simple fact that he suffered so from poverty and battled so with "drink," that he was so nearly down and out and yet came back, that in a few brief years he passed from unloading cordwood in the backyards of St. Louis and from entering at kitchen doors, to a plane where the proudest mansions swung wide their doors to receive him—gives a touch of romance which makes us value the life just as a career.

If Grant had never been President, unquestionably he would stand higher to-day. He could pick men for the battlefield, but he failed miserably in picking them for high posts in civil life. He was a victim and a tool of dishonest politicians. His administrations were marked by crookedness and scandal in the public service. He seemed to have a strange inability to see what was clear as day to most honest men. Yet when at last the worst of the abuses were exposed, he acted with promptness and decision. He split the Republican party into ring and anti-ring factions, and Grant was the strength of the ring. In spite of it all, the third term specter came up again and again and Grant did little to put it down.

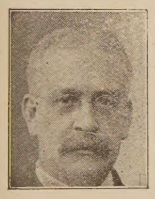
He was a strange contradiction. Like most of us, he was made up of the noble and the commonplace. He was both strong and weak.

But he loved his country and served her faithfully. After great generals had failed, he put over the job and ended the Civil War.

We owe him something for that.

The memorial in Washington is placed at the foot of Capitol Hill. His short, squat figure, bundled into an overcoat and with hat well down over his eyes, sits a magnificent horse and looks off toward Arlington and the South. He appears as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. In an age of change and with all our belief in change, we will find it helpful to look up at this figure and cherish his memory.

Editorial Correspondence



WHEN I was a small boy, and I am not saying how many years ago that was other than to note that considerable history has been made since that time, my parents took me and some other interested parties in the big farm wagon, and drove to the large training camp for the Union Army which was situated on a big plateau near the banks of the Genesee river, in New York State. We had friends and relatives among the young soldiers, and this visit was to bid them good by, for they were about to go to the front. I can never forget the splendor of that scene. I do not think I had ever before seen so many people together, and of soldiers the occasional call of some boy in blue on a brief furlough had been the limit of my experience. But here were regiments, uniformed, equipped and disciplined into a perfect human fighting machine, officers in their gaudy epaulettes which were the military fashion of the day; the bands were playing and flags were flying; tears and laughter, cheers and prayers, followed the boys in blue as they marched away to lay down their lives if need be for their country. Among that great host I think I saw only one distinctly, a lieutenant, a favorite uncle, whom I loved and admired, and I believe for days and months and years I followed him in my visions and dreams.

At this same time down in the Southland a like scene was being enacted, as the flower of Southern youth and chivalry gathered in their training camps. And many a fond parent, brother, sister, friend and sweetheart came up out of the long valleys, and down from the high mountains, in their farm wagons, and were thrilled with the sight of a mighty army in grey, with bands playing and another flag flying, and under the spur of uniformed officers, and the call of the heart's patriotism, these young recruits sprang eagerly to their places, and amid tears and laughter, cheers and prayers, marched away to lay down their lives if need be for their country, and every one in the great multitude picked out a son or brother or lover as his contribution to the patriotic cause.

Here is a strange, a marvelous thing—these two great armies of the youth of the North and the youth of the South of a common land, going out under different flags to fight each other to the death! Under different flags, and yet for the same thing! There were great moral and political principles involved, which in those days could not be reconciled, but the hearts of those two armies were beating for the same things—patriotism for their own country which sheltered their homes and loved ones. The ideals of both were clear-cut and commanding. According to the light which shone round them, each was fighting for truth.

And such battles were never fought before nor since, for it was man to man; and such men—nowhere on the earth was their like to be found! It was a conflict of giants. It was before the time of machine butchery which is now called war. It was the struggle of men for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as each saw it; and there was honesty, and courage, and patriotism to ideals on both sides, and world-history was made. And the winning of one side was not the

losing of the other, for both were fighting for the same ideals out of which the America of to-day, the most glorious country on the globe, is being made, and its flag, the symbol of Liberty, Union and Fraternity, floats over our common country, forever more one and i divisible.

* *

Thus far had I written when an old man wearing a Grand Army of the Republic button came slowly up the walk to my porch, walking with a cane and with apparent effort, and I recognized in him the young Lieutenant of that training camp on the Genesee, and gave him eager welcome to my own special chair. I addressed him no longer as Lieutenant, but as Major. He was hardly seated when another old man, wearing the insignia of the Confederacy, came from another direction and came up on my porch, and he turned out to be one of the boys in grey back in that Southern training camp. I introduced the "Colonel" and the "Major" and immediately they plunged into reminiscences of the war. And of course I listened in! And those two old men were the two sections of our country personified. Both had fought and fought well for what they believed to be right. One was on the victor's side, one was on the losing side, but here they were both on their common country's side. There was no gloating, no recrimination; they had fought fairly and hard with equal sincerity. The incident was closed, and they were friends.

They discovered that they had fought in many battles on opposite sides, and the delight with which they revived their experiences was a delight to the listener. They tried to locate certain central points in a battle scheme as seen from opposite sides, accepting victory or defeat without animosity.

And then the Colonel said: "Major, you were at Chickamauga I am sure, and you must remember that tight clump of trees over near the western edge of the field. There were lots of trees there, but hardly enough for the officers! But this clump was just at one of the turning points of that big scrap, and I was in it with a squad of my men, and as the bluecoats came up the road, we poured our shot into the thick of you, but you were game and kept on coming. There was one company of great shooters, and they got a number of my men, and I saw the time had come for us to go while the going was good, but before going I picked up a rifle and dropped the captain in his tracks. But I did not get away; they took us all prisoners, and I missed a good deal, for there is a heap more fun at the front than in the pen. Do you remember that day, Major?"

"Remember it," shouted the Major as he got on his feet, "remember it, why; I was captain of that company, and, you ~~damned~~ old Reb, I believe you are the fellow who put this bullet in my leg. Shake!"

And the Colonel, coming to his feet, cried out, "You ~~damned~~ old Yank, I hope so! Put it there!" and those two old warriors not only shook hands, but embraced, and their mouths were filled with laughter and their eyes were filled with tears, and the tears streamed down their faces. I could see there was no need of a referee, so I fled to my study to meditate on the historic fact that the differences and misunderstandings of the past are over, and the whole country is going forward to the far more glorious victories of Peace under the one flag of undying glory.

F. A. B.

Memorial Day and Two Great Memorials

The Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D.

EACH year the truth is borne in upon us, with renewed emphasis, that Memorial Day has behind it a constantly expanding idea.

The annual Decoration Day parades in our American towns and cities present a spectacle to-day entirely different from that of twenty-five years ago. The addresses and orations too are unlike those of a former day. Civil War veterans make up only a small part of the marching line, and increasingly they ride in automobiles or other conveyances because the years are telling on them. In a short time we shall see them no more in our midst; the last one will have answered to the final call.

But the parades continue and the marching column lengthens. It is augmented by Spanish War veterans, members of auxiliary bodies, and now the World War veterans take their places in the annual demonstration. New memories mingle with older ones and Memorial Day itself, without losing any of its time honored meaning, takes on a new significance.

Other changes are noticeable in our Memorial Day exercises. There is a marked and nearly universal tendency on the part of those who make public addresses on this occasion to speak of peace rather than of war. The Peace Societies of the nation take advantage of the opportunity presented to turn the minds of men away from the horrors of war to the glories of peace. We cherish and honor the memories of those who died upon the cruel battle-fields of three wars. To-day, as never before, we realize that we honor them most by recognizing that their sacrifices were in vain unless they serve to bring nearer the day when wars shall cease and men shall no longer lay down their lives in mortal combat.

In this respect Memorial Day echoes a hope that is world wide, a hope that we may so completely enthrone the spirit of love in the hearts of men the world over that the diabolical forces of evil will never again find anything therein upon which to erect the ghastly altar of hate and human sacrifice.

Memorial Day in 1922 comes home to Universalists with unusual force because we are erecting two great memorials, in honor of those who served their country and humanity in the World War and in honor of those who through the years have served the Church and upheld its faith. We are building the Memorial Church in Washington, D. C., the Capital City of America, not only as a tribute of love and respect to those who served both the Church and the State, but as a living memorial that shall radiate an undying influence for Universal Peace and Good-Will.

The Perin Cate Home for Young Men to be erected

in Tokyo, Japan, in memory of two of our faithful missionaries, and their co-laborers, is also to be a memorial to those who did their part in the World War in that it will, by its service of love and fellowship to the young men of Japan during their college days, commend the spirit of Christianity to the Japanese people, as being essential to international peace and world citizenship.

The idea of memorials will be carried into effect throughout both the Home in Tokyo and the Church in Washington. In the National Church, bronze tablets will be placed on which have been inscribed the names of those who paid the supreme sacrifice. The names of those who served in the army and navy and in the organized relief branches of the Government and its auxiliaries, together with the names of those who have rendered notable services to the Church, will also be fittingly inscribed. The memorial doors, windows, organ, pews, chancel and pulpit furnishings in the Washington Church, and rooms, furnishings, equipment, etc., in the Perin-Cate Home, will be available as memorial gifts from churches, auxiliaries, State Conventions, and individuals.

A beautiful "Book of Memory" in which will be inscribed the name of each donor, great and small, fittingly encased in a memorial cabinet, will be placed in both the Washington Church and the Perin-Cate Home. No church and no individual Universalist will wish to be omitted from this list of the honored in the Book of Memory.

A beautiful "Founder's Certificate," with a cut of the Memorial Church and of the Perin-Cate Home, suitable for framing, will be presented to each donor to the fund. Every man, woman and child in the denomination will want and should have a Founder's Certificate.

All who serve on national, state, district and local committees will receive certificates of appointment which they will prize as documents to be preserved and handed down to their children and their children's children.

The responsibility of erecting these two great memorials, one for our brothers at home, the other for our brothers across the sea, is one we assume with gladness and deep conviction. In 1919, we established a precedent and set for ourselves a pace. It was a precedent of doing big things in a big way. It was a pace of speed, daring, courage, faith. Go back on the precedent we shall not. The pace we have set holds us in its grasp. It impels us to maintain and accelerate it.

Build the Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate Home we must, or pull down our colors. We are not pulling down colors these days; we are hoisting them higher.

The campaign for funds is progressing. Some of our churches this early have secured their quotas. Others have guaranteed them, many have raised a part of the amount required, but the majority of them have expressed a preference for next fall and winter as the most favorable time for conducting the canvass.

The campaign is to be extended and launched anew with the opening of our churches next fall, and it will be pushed with vigor until success has been achieved.

To know is to be interested. To be interested is to act. Our people rightly insist that they should know why we should build a Memorial Church in Washington and a Perin-Cate Home in Japan. They have a right to say: "You must convert us to these projects; you must make us believe in them, create in us a burning passion for them, to secure our support. Do this and we will give."

The challenge will be met. By next fall we shall be ready with unanswerable arguments, compelling literature, irresistible information, thrilling addresses, contagious enthusiasm. The unconvertible will be converted; the unconvincible will be convinced; the unbelieving will be made to believe. We have converted ourselves once; we shall do it again.

Really, we all believe in what we are doing now, only we don't know it yet. Shortly we are going to discover our belief, and then the fires of zeal will burn. What we have done we shall do once more. With a bit of a grin and a lift of the chin we shall tackle the thing that can not be done and *we shall do it.*

English Correspondence

Lord Robert Cecil

THE most urgent need of the hour in England is some one who will raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. We are looking anxiously, many of us, for the man who will combine spiritual leadership with practical statesmanship. Shall we find him in Lord Robert Cecil? The publication of his recent manifesto has turned many eyes and hearts in his direction. In spite of the general preoccupation with the Genoa Conference—perhaps all the more because of Genoa—this letter of his has been one of the events of the week. There is no one in our public life whose influence has been so steadily increasing during the last year or two. The importance of a politician may be gauged pretty fairly as a rule by the space the daily press gives to his utterances, and it is highly significant that several papers should have devoted more than two columns to reproducing in full a statement made by a private member of Parliament who has never held high office in the State and who is not the recognized leader of any party or group.

Lord Robert Cecil is the third son of the Marquis of Salisbury who succeeded Disraeli in the leadership of the Conservative Party and who was thrice Prime Minister in Queen Victoria's reign. He made his *debut* in politics much later than is usual with young men of ability who belong to aristocratic families. His eldest brother, the present Marquis, was elected to the House of Commons in 1885 at the age of twenty-four, and a younger brother, Lord Hugh Cecil, in 1895 at twenty-six. Lord Robert did not enter Parliament until 1906, when he was forty-two. The delay was due to his having chosen, when he left Oxford, to practise at the Parliamentary Bar—the most lucrative

branch of the legal profession but one which carries with it a disqualification for sitting in Parliament. When he left the law for politics, he did not at once make his mark in the House, partly through being overshadowed by the reputation already gained by the more brilliant Lord Hugh. But, as time went on, he began to reveal qualities on which the House of Commons is accustomed to set a high value. He showed himself no less earnest than his brother, and an equally effective debater, though of a less polished and literary type. He gave the impression of being more industrious and more practical than Lord Hugh, and possessing a surer "Parliamentary instinct." Old Parliamentery hands noted with interest certain personal resemblances to his eminent father—particularly the Cecilian round-shouldered stoop and a most un-aristocratic indifference to dress. It is said that a foreign visitor, observing him from the gallery, once pointed him out to a companion as an obviously typical specimen of the Labor member.

If one had been writing about Lord Robert Cecil ten years ago, one would have described him as a dyed-in-the-wool Tory, with reactionary views in both political and ecclesiastical affairs—a survivor of an obsolete period, illustrating for the benefit of the twentieth century student of history what the temper and attitude of the governing classes in feudal times must have been. His function in the world seemed to be to uphold the privileges of the caste of Vere de Vere. It would have seemed safe to predict that, if he ever became a leader of any kind, it would be as the head of some fanatical group of belated defenders of what Matthew Arnold called "lost causes and impossible loyalties." Yet to-day there is keen speculation as to whether a few years—or even a shorter space of time—may not bring him to a commanding position in the forces of political and social progress.

During the war, there was no promise of any such development. Lord Robert shared the popular attitude and gave no sign of any independent thinking. One can not recall any protest of his against those violations of liberty which drove a few other thoroughgoing Tories like Lord Parmoor into the Liberal camp. He was appointed Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs in 1915 in Mr. Asquith's Coalition Government, and in 1916 became in addition Minister of Blockade. He continued in that position when Mr. Lloyd George came into power in November, 1917. One incident brought him into an undesirable prominence. In May, 1918, he issued a warning against an attempt of the Germans to end the war by offers of negotiation, which he described as a "peace offensive." For this he was sharply taken to task by the *Manchester Guardian*, which described the term as "either silly or meaningless," at the same time condemning his attitude toward the new Russia as "marked by lack alike of sympathy and of understanding." This incident is perhaps the blackest mark in his record in international affairs.

But soon after the armistice there came a surprising and swift change. In November, 1918, Lord Robert resigned his post in the Government because of dissatisfaction with its course on Welsh Disestablishment, but he nevertheless accepted an appointment as a member of the British staff at the Paris Conference. Though employed in a subordinate capacity, he made a great impression there, especially by his services in casting the League of Nations into shape. Many tributes were paid by delegates and journalists of other nations to his diligence, his tact, his courage, his humanity, and his scrupulous sense of justice. Henceforth he seemed to have dedicated himself to the task of repairing the moral as well as material damages of war. When he returned to the House of Commons, his was the solitary voice raised there in criticism of the peace terms. He was bold enough to declare, to a Parliament intoxicated with a sense of military triumph, his agreement with Nurse Cavell that "patriotism is not enough." Again and again he implored the Government to help Germany to her feet and to rescue the suffering peoples of Central and Eastern Europe from the imminent peril of anarchy and famine.

The opportunities offered by the League of Nations, in particular, aroused his enthusiasm and zeal. When delegates were to be appointed to its first Assembly, the British Government passed him over, but the omission was supplied by a happy thought on the part of General Smuts, who invited him to represent South Africa. At the Geneva meeting his was the dominating personality from first to last. It is scarcely too much to say that his sane idealism saved the whole gathering from failure. His speech at the opening debate raised the moral temperature of the Assembly, and, though his suggestions were by no means always adopted, the more important decisions were largely due to the stimulus and guidance he provided.

By the beginning of 1921, the new Lord Robert Cecil stood revealed to his fellow-countrymen. Early in the year he "crossed the floor of the House," thus signifying that he was now in definite opposition to the Government, though remaining a Conservative. Since then he has made many pronouncements, in letters and speeches, each of them carrying him a step farther toward the Liberal position. The latest is the letter which appeared in the press on April 22. On this the *Manchester Guardian*, which ought to know, comments that it is "quite a good Liberal letter," with a Liberalism that "goes, perhaps, a good deal farther than that of some lifelong professors of the faith." It has also been warmly approved by many distinguished individual Liberals, such as Gilbert Murray and J. L. Hammond.

It would take too much space to attempt even a bare summary of this manifesto, but some of its more prominent points may be noted. Lord Robert especially emphasizes the truth that "force is no remedy." In international affairs we must substitute for it co-operation and consultation, and, in case of dispute, an appeal to the instructed public opinion of mankind. We must abandon the idea of imposing obligations upon Germany, and we must cease treating France with alternate doses of cajolery and bluster. In dealing with the industrial problem at home, "the doctrine that, because a man owns the capital or the plant of an undertaking, he alone is to be consulted as to the welfare of those to whom he pays wages can not be accepted under modern conditions." What a revolutionary doctrine to be uttered by a Cecil! In Ireland, too, a mere resort to force is a counsel of

despair. "Here the blunders of the last three years have rendered a solution, which was always difficult, almost impossible. Above all, the putrefying corpse of the reprisals crime still infects the political atmosphere of the whole country." Lord Robert's exposition of his political doctrine concludes with a reminder that it depends not so much on certain principles—"for political principles are usually so general as to mean little, or so precise as to be only fit for pedants"—as on which of two attitudes of mind we adopt. The difference, he says, is one that cuts deep into human nature. But he believes that in Europe and in the present day men will insist on freedom, "and if they are to be free they must be in the main governed by spiritual and not by material forces."

But does Lord Robert Cecil intend to do anything to make these declarations a practical force in our public life? Is there any dynamic in them—or in him? Some of his critics, to whom any application of such convictions to everyday politics would be most unwelcome, comfort themselves by the theory that he has no capacity for action. He is no fighter, they tell us. They picture him as a Hamlet, who can soliloquize eloquently about times that are out of joint, but who lacks resolution and energy. Hitherto his Parliamentary career may be taken to give some ground for this reading of him, but the evidence of the Geneva Assembly makes it possible to hold a very different opinion. One would give much to know which view is the true one, for the fate of the British nation may depend upon the answer.

In speculating about the future of Lord Robert Cecil, one can not help instituting a parallel between his career and that of the statesman whom Macaulay described in 1839 not only as "a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished Parliamentary talents" but as the "rising hope" of the "stern and unbending Tories" of his day. If Lord Robert ultimately becomes the leader of British Liberalism, it will involve no stranger transformation than that which changed the promising young High Church Tory of 1839 into the idol of Liberals and Nonconformists forty or fifty years later. And we must remember that Gladstone's political development was a long and slow process. His first fourteen years in Parliament (1832 to 1846) were spent in the Tory camp. There followed another period of equal length (1846 to 1860) during which he occupied an intermediate and indefinable position. According to Lord Morley, he had completed half a century of his life and a quarter of a century of his service in Parliament before it was at all certain whether he would be a Conservative or a Liberal. Now the gradual broadening of Gladstone's political mind was largely due to the reality and force of his religious and moral convictions, which compelled him to reconsider the traditions in which he had been brought up. Paradox though it may be, the most powerful permanent influence in political life—leaving out of question the clever demagogues who gain a fleeting popularity—is the statesman who does not put politics first in his concern but regards it as one department of applied Christianity. That estimate of values was Gladstone's strength, and it is also Lord Robert Cecil's. A witty Irish M. P. once raised the laugh against Lord Robert by describing him as having one foot in the Middle Ages and the other in the office of the League of Nations. The gibe seems a smart one until we reflect that the League is, after all, the revival of a medieval idea. A man rooted and grounded in this fashion is no straddler. It is because Lord Robert has in his make-up so much of the medieval saint's contempt for the most magnificent of your temporal principalities and powers that he may be able presently to use them as the instruments of his faith. With his character and his convictions, there is no knowing where we shall find him in a few years. "What has happened to him," to quote again from the *Manchester Guardian's* comment on his letter, "is that he has e nbraced certain dangerous principles, and has embraced them with all his heart. Thus embarked, he is no longer his own master. What man is his own master when once he has taken truth and conscience, without reserve or stint, as his guides?"

London, April 28.

The Papers of John Pererin

XXXV Pessimism and Pentecost (1)

A LITTLE time ago I fell into conversation with a man in the train and the talk drifted to the present state of the world. "Well," said the man, "so far as I am concerned, I am through with it. I now just come in to business and go back home again as soon as I can, to my books and my chickens, and forget it." Just about the same time, I read an article in an English paper dealing with a tendency among men of good-will to withdraw from public life in disgust and despair. While I refuse to share this feeling, I think that I can understand it. Few sensitive souls can stand the daily impact of the morning paper just now without a very definite depression of spirit. The evil in the world seems so persistent, so tangled, that it is easy to decline into the deadly opinion that it is incurable. And it is no wonder that souls of more than average sensibility wonder whether it is any use to struggle to redeem it. It is just such a time as in other ages might have started a great exodus into the wilderness and the solitary place, in the desperate hope that there a man might at least save his soul alive from the spiritual and moral desolation of human society. All the same, this is quitting the job. And upon that point the last word was said long ago. In the procession of lost souls that the writer of the Apocalypse sees making its way to the second death, the fearful and the faithless lead the way. There is more than one unpardonable sin, and quitting is one of them.

I am persuaded that the main cause of this tendency to pessimism lies in fatigue. My observation leads me to think that we are all a good deal more tired just now than we think we are. The strain of the war, the anxieties of the post-war period, the difficulties of domestic and business life, the general dislocation of things, and the tangle l task of readjust-

ment—all these things have entailed a strain upon our minds that has disabled us from thinking lucidly or even from presenting a normal resistance to the small contrary winds of the day's work. And as yet we have had no relief from this harassment. We have gone to bed with it and we have found it with us in the morning—a dull nagging sense of doubt and misgiving. It has invaded our vacations and largely nullified them. And deep within our souls there is a longing for a space of quiet, for a moment of respite for our tired and sagging minds. I am inclined to think that if we could all take a week's holiday at the same time—all of us, and especially those of us who live in public, presidents, prime ministers, politicians, journalists, preachers—if we said nothing more than pass the time of day, and did no more than take our meals, the air of the world would become perceptibly cleaner, we should all think more clearly, and many public problems (and private ones too, for that matter) would solve themselves. The world to-day is being governed, its thought directed, its affairs managed, by men with tired minds. And a good deal of its trouble arises from that cause.

What we need is reinforcement, a renewal of energy, a new infusion of vitality. And in this connection I would like to remark upon two matters of some importance. The first has to do with the importance of rest. Modern psychology insists that even bodily fatigue is chiefly an affair of the mind, and that our minds need rest always even more than our bodies. There can be no doubt that systematic rest is a condition not only of effectual resistance to depressing circumstances but also of any kind of good work. The psychologist virtually reverses our customary doctrine of rest—the time for rest is not after work but before it. Our trouble seems to be that we have lost our capacity for rest; our main characteristic is our restlessness, and it is we who have coined the fatuous saying that the best rest is a change of work. The only real rest is in a space of quiescence, of inactivity; and we are not going to be what we might or to do the best work of which we are capable until we have learned the art of doing nothing at all. Some little oasis of peace and tranquillity we must stake out for ourselves amid the clamorous business of the day if we are to resist successfully the wear and tear, the weariness and exhaustion, of life in such a world as this. Yesterday, life followed the stagecoach; to-day the automobile sets the pace. And we can only survive this new velocity by pegging out a little bit of every day when our minds and bodies may relax and renew our strength.

The second matter has to do with our unutilized resources. Here, as in regard to rest, I am not repeating general speculations but conclusions drawn experimentally from observed facts. It seems certain that we have reserves of bodily strength far beyond those we normally call up in our most strenuous endeavors. Under the stimulation of our instinctive emotions, these reserves come into action and enable us to perform feats of endurance and strength which we should otherwise declare to be beyond us. This is even truer of our minds. Most of us have had experience of moments of urgency in which we have thought with a miraculous lucidity and have acted and spoken with a power and a clarity unusual to us. The bare truth is that we are keeping most of our powers in "cold storage," and we should be devising some method of getting them into the market of life. And even at our lowest moments we may take heart of grace from the reflection that we have in the bank of the subconscious incalculable reserves which stand between us and the mental insolvency that breeds despair and surrender.

It is significant that some psychologists are very much engaged just now in the task of discovering ways in which we may capitalize our dormant reserves. There is for instance Dr. Coue, and the Nancy School. Now Dr. Coue's prescription is our old friend auto-suggestion in a new better-tailored suit. And virtually it comes to this: You are to take yourself in hand in the few minutes before you drop off to sleep at night and when you wake up in the morning, when your mind is semi-comatose and therefore abnormally impressionable, and say to yourself very deliberately and solemnly twenty times a formula like this: Every day and in every respect, I am growing better and better. Or if you have some special frailty, a brittle temper, for instance, you modify the formula accordingly. Now for people who can do this kind of thing, I think there is real value in it. But for myself it is, I confess, useless. I have tried it, and I found an ironic sprite up my sleeve sniggering at me. "You are trying," it seemed to say, "to bluff yourself into being a fine fellow. Come down and get to work." And seriously, I find that I am not particularly interested in becoming better and better—it sounds rather tame, like an old-fashioned Sunday school book—unless I can read my own content into the word "better." What I want is more spiritual strength, more moral courage, more intellectual lucidity, more creative energy, more persuasive speech; indeed when I begin to list the things that my frailty needs, I know beyond a peradventure that I want a great deal more than I am ever likely to get by telling myself when I am half-asleep that I am getting it.

I shall have to look elsewhere for my reinforcement, but I shall have to consider this matter next week.

Lord God, who hast ordained us to great undertakings, we know that Thou wilt not leave us powerless. And our impotency to-day is our own most grievous fault. For Thou dost ever send Thy Spirit to all that wait upon Thy promise. Forgive us that we have ignored the uppper room and have forgotten the springs. And once more lead us to the places where Thy Spirit dwelleth and where Thou givest him without measure to them who are willing to receive him. Amen.

* * *

"UNKNOWN"

FROM the grave of the Unknown Soldier the crowds melted away. The great men of the nations, who had stood there bareheaded, stepped into their cars and were whirled back to town. The music of the bands grew faint and ceased.

All afternoon little parties of curious, reverent folk came and stopped, and went on again, until finally only the guard remained. The day ended. Night came silently and threw over the grave the healing mantle of darkness.

Then a strange thing happened.

Three dim figures from nowhere gathered and stood uncovered beside the tomb. No word of greeting passed between them; they seemed to know each other well. Slowly, one after another, they stooped and read the freshly carved inscription. Then the oldest spoke.

"Things are improving a bit for us Unknowns," he said. "I fought with Leonidas at Thermopylae. We fell side by side, we and the other two hundred and ninety-nine. Our bones are mingled with the dust and rocks. No one marked our resting-place. Our names have perished, *but we held the pass.*

"My mother wept when I failed to return," he continued. "Night after night she waited at the window, until it was foolish to hope any longer. Then she, too, wanted to die. But the neighbors came in and cheered her. 'You have given a son to save your country,' they cried. 'The Persians are driven back, and Greece is freed. He died, but he left us a better world!'

"So my mother took courage and held her head high. It was fine to have given a son to make the world a better world . . ."

The Unknown paused for a moment; his voice grew dull and hard.

"The Romans swept over the Greece that I died for," he said. "The Barbarians swept over Rome. I sometimes wonder whether it was worth while to die at twenty-eight—to sleep at Thermopylae, unknown."

"I fought with Charles Martel at Tours," the second soldier said. "We turned back the Arab hosts; we saved Europe from Mohammedanism; we kept it a Christian continent.

"'It is splendid,' they said to my mother, 'splendid to sacrifice a son on the altar of peace and good-will.'

"That was twelve hundred years ago," the second soldier said. "And where is the peace that we died for? Where is the faith? The good-will?"

The third Unknown had stood with Wellington at Waterloo. It was a high enthusiasm that had carried him there—the vision of a world free from tyranny and wrong. He fell and was buried in a trench, under a rude cross marked "Unknown."

"We thought it was to be the world's last great battle," he said. "There would be no more wars, no more youthful lives snuffed out, no more mothers waiting and weeping at home.

"But a century went by, and there came a war beside which ours seemed a little thing. Our friend over whom the bands played to-day was one of millions who gave their lives. Men have heaped honors on him such as we never had. Do the honors mean that the *hearts* of men have changed, I wonder? They broke faith with us; will they keep faith with him?"

The three dim figures disappeared. The moon stood guard above the silent grave. In the East the first rays of the morning crept into the sky. They reached out vaguely, hesitatingly, touching the city of Washington where men were to gather that day to speak of peace—touching an inscription which a nation had cut in the stone above the body of its Unknown Soldier.

A solemn inscription; a nation's promise that he who lies there dead shall not have died in vain.

The world has made that promise before; all its Unknown Dead have died in that faith. And the promise has died with them.

Will it die again? That is the question for you and me to ask ourselves beside the soldier graves on this Memorial Day.

We told that boy when he marched away that he was fighting a war to end all wars. He fell, believing; and we have buried him and carved an inscription over his tomb:

But the real inscription will not be written on any stone; it will stand in the *dictionaries* of the future. Only by writing it thus can the world keep faith with the long, sad procession of its unknown heroes whom it has lied to and cheated and fooled.

This will be the inscription: War: an armed contest between nations—now obsolete. Unknown.—*Bruce Barton, in Good Housekeeping.*

* * *

BATTLEGROUND NATIONAL CEMETERY

Bow low the head, make no discordant sound,
Speak softly, for we tread on hallowed ground!
Here lies the dust of long-departed dead,
The martyred forms of those who fought and bled
That Liberty might live. Brave boys and men
Who answered to their country's call, and when
The City Beautiful, beneath us there,
Was lighted by the lurid battle's glare
Rushed forth in her defense and stemmed the tide,
Formed here a living wall, and nobly died.
Here on these ramparts stood the President,
Lincoln, his form against the skyline blent,
A target for the foe that hated him,
Oblivious to the danger and the din.
He knew not fear, save only for the trust,
Our birthright's sacred trust. "The Union must
Forever be preserved." His presence gave
New strength to those who would the Union save.
God bless their souls! Their dear forms rest in peace,
The gratitude we feel will never cease.
For country and for liberty they died.
No greater love—there is no love beside.
Their valorous deeds we never can repay
Save only in our hearts, and so we come to-day
With beauteous flowers to strew above their graves,
Their quiet resting place where green boughs wave,
And sweet-voiced birds send forth a requiem.
With loving, grateful thanks to them we come,
And in our hearts a prayer that our dear land
For which they died, shall ever, ever stand
Upon the Constitution given us
By our forebears in sacred loving trust.

Isabel Likens Gates, in Washington Post.

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Galoshes

THE daughter of the daughter of Keturah received from her mother the gift of a pair of Galoshes. And she drew them on, but she buckled them not. And her mother, even the daughter of Keturah, spake unto her, saying, Buckle them up, my dear, and so shalt thou keep out the cold.

But the daughter of the daughter of Keturah answered and said, All the Big Girls wear them so that

they Flap, and I desire that mine shall Flap, also.

And her mother said, Thou art only a Very Little Girl, and besides, it is a Silly Custom.

But the daughter of the daughter of Keturah answered, saying, When thou wast a Very Little Girl, didst thou not desire to do as the Big Girls did? And if their Galoshes flapped not, then had they some other custom just as silly, and I doubt not my mother did as the Big Girls did.

And her mother was silent. For indeed there is no very good answer which can ever be made to that speech.

And while I was considering these Follies of the Feminine Mind, behold, I took my little grandson unto the Barber Shop. And he spake up unto the Barber, saying, Cut it with a Pompadour, for thus do the Swell Guys have theirs cut, and I desire to be a Regular Fellow.

And he said this although he and I had often sung together a song wherein my method of having mine hair cut had been accepted as his model, namely a song about a man named Mr. Zip, with his hair cut just as short as mine. But he had discovered other models in hair-cuts beside that of his grandfather.

But I am not hopeless about the younger generation in its desire to follow the fashions set by those who are leaders of the Styles. I am a little more determined that I shall be among the Leaders, when it cometh to the guidance of mine own young folk.

For I have discovered many evidences that this world was made by a Good God; and one of the chief of these evidences is this, that no man is permitted to grow too tall to reach down and take hold of the hand of a little child.

* * *

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION

Joseph F. Cobb

The ninetieth annual session of the Connecticut Convention at Norwich was pronounced one of the best and most largely attended Conventions in the state for some time. The weather was ideal, and everybody seemed happy and interested.

The annual meeting of the W. U. M. S., Wednesday afternoon, May 10, attended by fifty women, was a good beginning. Mrs. Susan S. Bishop of Bridgeport presided. The annual reports of the Circles showed that the past year had been a very successful one. Mrs. Bishop was re-elected president, and other officers were elected as follows: Vice-president, Mrs. Frank Taylor, Meriden; secretary, Mrs. Louise Marble, Meriden; treasurer, Mrs. Emma B. Hubbard, New Haven; elective members, Mrs. Addie Champlin, Hartford, Mrs. Annie L. Quick, Stamford, Mrs. Louise W. Sailer, Bridgeport. Addresses were given by Mrs. Fred Moore, of Arlington, Mass., and the Rev. Fannie Austin of Stamford.

At 4.45 p. m., the State Convention was declared opened by President C. G. Lincoln, after prayer by the Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D. The reports of the secretary, State Superintendent and executive board gave evidence of good work performed. The treasurer's report made clear the income and expenditures for the year. The receipts and payments with balance were $13,-249.16. The Convention has assets and liabilities of $107,025.08. Of this sum there is a cash balance for the year of $2,735.01 in the Permanent Fund, and $354.33 in the Ministerial Relief Fund. Morris E. Alling, secretary of the State Federation of Churches, gave an address, "A Statement of Accomplishment in Practical Christian Unity." The augmented choir of the Norwich church furnished music several times during the Convention.

In the evening Dr. George E. Leighton, Massachusetts State Superintendent, gave an address, "Which Way?" pointing out that the Church is going the way the believers allow it to go, and that we can not give expression to God's purpose until we so get together that we understand one another. Dr. Huntley gave an illuminating address on "The Purpose and Method of Story Telling in Sunday School Classes," explaining in a practical way just how the story can be used by the teacher to accomplish the best results.

The flowers at the altar were sent by Mrs. M. M. Whittemore of Lancaster, Mass., in memory of Mr. M. M. Whittemore, who for thirty years was treasurer of the Convention.

All the good things did not come the first day. At 9.30, Thursday morning, the Rev. George H. Welch, pastor of the Norwich church, conducted a communion service, which was followed by an able and inspiring occasional sermon, "The Parable of the Talents," by the Rev. Edson Reifsnider, D. D., of Stamford, in which he described the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, and pointed out the solemn obligations and responsibilities that rest upon us.

Reports, oral and written, from the several churches suggested prosperity and interest. An extract from a letter from Mrs. Loretta Kingsley of Torrington, ninety years young, and a member of the Convention Church, was read by the secretary.

Recommendations of the committee on official reports were adopted urging attendance at the Mid-year Conference; approving the policy of the trustees in sending delegates from the Sunday school of each parish to some Institute; asking the parishes which have not already done so to consider deeding property to the Convention; approving the action of the trustees in having a quota for the Japan Mission; urging parishes to consider our denominational schools and colleges as worthy of support; urging churches to help their young people to attend the Y. P. C. U. Convention in Worcester next July; and urging isolated Universalists to join the Convention Church.

Resolutions were adopted concerning the Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate Home, concerning adequate support of the Ministers' Retirement Fund, concerning Japan, concerning the continuation of the Near East Relief work, concerning law enforcement, Sunday observance and co-operation with the International Court looking to the abolishment of war.

A communication from the Publishing House was read requesting the election of a trustee for one year, and in accordance thereto Mr. Charles B. Pinney, of Stafford, was elected. The Committee on Social Service and Justice is to be continued. Greetings of appreciation and congratulations were sent to the Danbury and Hartford parishes, which have completed one hundred years of life. Greetings and best wishes were also sent to the Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D., of Hartford.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Charles G. Lincoln, Hartford; vice-president, Edwin A. Tracy, Norwich; secretary, Rev. T. A. Fischer, D. D., New Haven; treasurer, Herbert E. Belden, Hartford; Fellowship Committee, Rev. Hal T. Kearns, Bridgeport, Rev. Edson Reifsnider, D. D., Stamford, L. L. Hubbel, Danbury; trustee for three years, Herbert Mills, Meriden; preacher of occasional sermon for 1923, Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D., Hartford; place of next Convention Stamford, with Hartford as alternate.

* * *

A small girl who was very diligent in saying her prayers daily and in learning the memory verse in Sunday school every week, had one week been given to learn the apostolic injunction, "Pray without ceasing."

On Sunday night she knelt down beside her mother for prayer, and as usual the mother joined her voice with the child's in repeating the Lord's Prayer. But the mother was exceedingly weary, and midway of the prayer involuntarily yawned, causing a break in the solemnity of which the child was immediately conscious. No sooner had she said her "Amen" than she opened her eyes wide and looked up at her mother reproachfully.

"Mother, don't you know that my verse says 'Pray without ceasing?' And you ceased right in the middle of it!"—*Continent.*

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

MEMORIAL DAY

Rest, Comrades, rest and sleep.
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.
Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers.
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

Longfellow.

A MEMORIAL TREE

THERE may be men still living who have heard the story of David's Elm from the lips of other men, but they must be few, and no one seems ever to have put it into print.

It begins in 1777, when old John Loring and his two surviving sons came back from the battlefield of Bennington to their "pitch" in the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was then called, carrying upon their shoulders a crude litter of poles and boughs. On the litter was the body of the third son, David, who had fought Baum's Hessians side by side with his father and his brothers and had fallen in the moment of victory.

Over the thirty miles of wild country that lay between the battlefield and their log cabin the three men carried the litter by turns, one resting while the other two worked. On the second night after the battle they reached home. That night John, the father, washed the body and made it ready for burial, and the next day dug the grave on a little open knoll that looks toward the river.

There was neither priest nor parson within reach, and so the old man took the burial service upon himself. With his open Bible resting on the rude, home-made coffin, he repeated rather than read—for they said he never turned a leaf—some passages that to the few neighbors who were present seemed curiously chosen. They could not remember all of them, but they recalled that he began with a passage from Job: "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant."

When the coffin had been lowered to its place and the earth had been thrown in upon it, the two men who were doing the work left it at a sign from the father, and Samuel, the youngest son, came forward with a little tree, a seedling elm that he had brought from the woods. The old man waited while Samuel planted the tree at the head of the grave and packed the earth round it with his feet. Then, lifting his eyes, he said: "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

As he reached the end the old man's eyes turned and rested for a moment on his little grandson, the only child of the young soldier whose body they had just committed to the ground. It was the thought of him, no doubt, that had moved the grandfather to choose the passages that he had repeated. That was all of the service. There was no prayer, though the neighbors said that the whole of it seemed like a prayer; and at the time no one thought much about the little tree, for it was a natural enough thing to mark the spot in some way, and there was no one to cut a stone.

It was a long time—several years, in fact—before they did get a stone dressed and marked and set in place; and meanwhile "David's Elm," as they had begun to call it, was beginning to show the first signs of what it was to become. Every spring and every fall some one of the family dug round the roots and spaded in leaf mould brought from the woods. And the tree responded like a boy of sturdy stock transplanted from the stunting bloom of necessitous conditions into the space and sunlight of opportunity. It grew tall and straight and symmetrical, and began to cast a grateful shade. Before David's son was much past middle life it had become marked among its fellows and, as if sure of its place and confident of its destiny, was already assuming a crown of imperial majesty. When he died, full of years and happy in the respect and affection of those about him, the tree was alone in all the neighborhood for size and beauty.

Three-quarters of a century has passed over it since then. The old farm is still the property of Lorings, and Lorings still live there; and "David's Elm," as every one now calls it, is a landmark in the neighborhood.

At noon the children from the little schoolhouse love to measure its girth by joining their outstretched arms, and from a mile away in some directions and two or three miles in others, you can see its great top ballooning into the sky, and its mighty column towering, like a veritable pillar of the House of David, to support its green canopy of shade. No bolt has ever shattered its strength, no blast marred its beauty; but through four generations it has whispered its great and friendly secrets to childhood, comforted the laborer in the heat and burden of the day, sheltered the dumb cattle, and been a living reminder that though a man die, yet shall he live again.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE TRIED BUT TRIUMPHANT SOUL

George Lincoln Mason

In this, our weary way, we tread,
With trials heavy on our head;
Temptations challenge ev'ry day,
With no escape along our way.

Why could not God, with wisdom fair,
Have made all men, while free as air,
With no desire to do what's wrong,
And Life just one perpetual song?

Sad heart! Just pause one moment till
We ask, Is not man made with will
Free, choice to make 'tween good and bad?
To human nature what more add?

Else spineless creature, not a man,
Unworthy name of savage clan;
Without backbone, invertebrate,
Of some past age beyond a date!

With no determination faced,
No vital challenge to be traced,
Development to man's estate
We could not possibly relate.

Ah, yes, man's glory to be free
By fighting sin of all degree,
Thus earning strength with each success
As he fights on sin to repress.

The sturdy oak becomes at last,
By bravely weath'ring ev'ry blast,
The strongest tree in all the land!
Oh, man, learn this, a truth most grand!

* * *

ON LOSING ONE'S DISILLUSIONS

In our grandfathers' time the very saddest thing about advancing years—if I understand the matter correctly—was the loss of one's illusions. In those days, apparently, the young women, and the young men if gently bred, attained the age of twenty or even twenty-five with all sorts of absurdly roseate conceptions about life in general and the opposite sex in particular. But as the years crept on and they moved toward the thirties, which were then by way of being middle age, they could seldom avoid encountering various harsh realities; for example, that very pretty girls and very pretty fellows might turn out to be great nincompoops and rascals, that marriage was not always a heaven upon earth, that saintly appearing elders might sometimes be hypocrites, that fortunes might be lost, and so on. Thus one by one their illusions were "shattered"—that was the word—just at the time, too, when the first zest of youth was passing and they were beginning to have trouble with their teeth and eyesight and perhaps to experience the first twinges of rheumatism. It was very melancholy indeed.

I am not sure that I quite believe that picture. How could keen-witted youngsters ever have come to be twenty years old with such ignorance intact? But maybe they did.

Nowadays, at any rate, the situation is quite reversed. Thanks to the fiction magazines, the Sunday supplements, vaudeville, and the movies—to say nothing of realism and problem plays—the least curious child is now a complete cynic at fifteen, and the slightly precocious could read Baudelaire at twelve with perfect understanding and without a quiver of dismay.

I am far from maintaining that so thorough a course in sordidness and iniquity is a good thing for pre-adolescence. It happens, however, that I myself belonged to one of the earliest generations of children to which, by the enterprise of the masters of the press and camera, the book of life was thrown open with this lurid unreserve, and I can not refrain from pointing out one quite agreeable compensation that comes to us now as we reach middle age.

Logically, I and my young coevals should all have committed suicide from sheer horror at the spectacle of the world into which we had so recently been born. But somehow very few of us did so. We took it rather calmly, on the whole, went on through school, got jobs, married—how we could ever do that in the face of all our knowledge, I don't know, but we did—and "settled down."

And then our experience began to be just the opposite of that of the older generations. At the very age when they were losing their illusions, we began to lose our disillusions. The latter were not exactly "shattered," but many of them gradually and partially melted away. Of course if any of us were disappointed in our marriages, that was only what we expected. It was no shock at all. But a most surprising number of us weren't disappointed. We were very happy indeed and kept on being happy year after year. We had babies, mostly. And of course they *were* a nuisance. But we were prepared for that. Judge of our delighted astonishment when we discovered that they were also, in unmistakable intimate reality, precious and sweet beyond anything the most Victorian poet could describe. In the course of our business or professional enterprises we encountered a good deal of evil—employers who were harsh, employees who were treacherous, women who played up their seductiveness, chicanery, brutality, and no end of assorted weakness and cowardice. But did these things dismay us or turn us into cynics at forty—us who were reading the muck-rakers at an age when our fathers were being fed on the Rollo books? On the contrary our surprise has arisen from the really remarkable amount of honesty, kindness, cleanness, and courage one finds in the world.

In short, now that we have to visit the dentist and the oculist more frequently than we like and "rheumatism," rechristened "neuritis," nips us first in one shoulder and then in the other, we have at least the satisfaction that comes from gradually relaxing our contempt of the species to which we belong, our distaste for the world we inhabit—of realizing that there are after all some men one can trust, some women one can respect, and that life, though pretty bad, is nevertheless, in spots at least, quite livable and enjoyable.

It is almost worth having been made a cynic at fifteen—when everything, even cynicism, was agreeable—to experience this comforting increment of optimism at the age when we most need compensations.—*Max McConn, in the Nation.*

* * *

CONTROVERSY

Some children were quarreling one day, and calling one another names.

"You are stupid," said one, "if you were not, you would think as I do."

"If you were not wholly blind," said another, "you would see with my eyes."

"Your ignorance is what troubles me!" said a third.

"Ignorance is not so bad as ill-will!" said a fourth.

Just then came by the Angel-who-understands-things.

"What are you quarreling about, children?" asked the Angel.

"About our God!" said the children.

"Oh!" said the Angel, "The God of Strife, I presume?"

"No!" cried one, "He is the God of Peace!"

"He is the God of Wisdom!" said another.

"He is the God of Love!" said a third.

"Indeed!" said the Angel, "I never should have thought it."
—*Laura E. Richards.*

* * *

A Little Scotch laddie—the *Liverpool Post* calls him wee Willie Macgregor—returned home after his first day at school. When his father came back from work that evening he asked the young scholar what he had learned. "I learned to say, 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, sir,' to me mither and feyther," replied the boy.

"Did you indeed?" said the father.

"Aye!" responded Willie.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

May 28. Morning, Charlestown, Mass. Afternoon, Annual Memorial Service, Mt. Auburn. Evening, North Shore League Rally, Beverly.

June 4. Morning, Spencer, Mass.

June 14. Old Colony Association, North Weymouth, Mass.

June 18. Morning, Woodstock, Ohio. Evening, Plain City, Ohio.

June 19-20. Ohio State Institute and Convention, New Madison.

June 25. Junction City, Kansas.

June 30-July 2. Texas Convention, Elgin.

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LAWRENCE, MASS.

The most important part of any convention is the part that is not on the program, and the most impressive things come unexpectedly.

Yesterday I attended the Massachusetts Sunday School Convention at Lawrence, and heard words of wisdom from the workers, who know how Sunday school work should be done. And they were all good.

But in between two sessions some of us went for a walk, and just because it happened to be the shortest way between the point where we were and another we wanted to reach, we walked for two or three blocks along Elm Street. I have been in Lawrence a number of times, but I never happened upon Elm Street before.

It is a street full of boys and girls. There are houses and stores and older people there, but I saw only the boys and the girls. Some of them were little tots, barely able to walk; some of them were only babies in arms; but most of them were what we had been referring to over in the convention as children of junior age.

They wore clothes, and the clothes were dirty, just like the clothes of normal boys and girls who have been out playing anywhere.

But I saw the faces. Most of them were crowned with dark hair, for the signs on the stores were in Italian and Yiddish. They were not weak and pale and sickly, like the tenement children of some cities. They had foreheads that were broad and high, the kind that gives room for brains that can work. They had eyes that looked out frankly but keenly—dark eyes, not dark with morbid brooding, but dark like the waters of a deep pool, so that what lies in its depths no man can see.

This is New England, so-called. Rather is it New Italy, New Palestine, New Russia, New Greece, New France, New Bulgaria, New Bohemia.

And in twenty years these boys and girls, and thousands of others like them on the other Elm Streets of Lawrence, and the other Elm Streets of old New England, will have it in their power to control the politics, the education, and to a large extent the moral standards and the religion, in the land of Pilgrim and Puritan. What of it?

Lunch Time

Another important thing that happened between sessions was the good Christian meals that the ladies of Calvary Baptist Church served to those whose souls had been fed with an abundance of good things but whose mortal bodies were wearied with much sitting still. But Calvary Church also furnished food for thought, for on the walls of the vestry where the meals were served hung a contest chart for Sunday school attendance. They have started out to secure an attendance of a thousand at Sunday school. And underneath the chart, whose curve showed that over 600 were present on Easter Sunday, were these words: "The rules for this contest are found in Luke 14 : 23." That was all.

And when I went from that room and walked along Elm Street, I decided that it was perfectly possible for Calvary Church to win in that contest if they lived up to the rules, and that it would be just as possible for the Church of the Good Shepherd and every other centrally located church to do the same if the same rule were conscientiously obeyed.

It All Depends

Thomas Nelson Page some years ago pointed out in clear fashion the differences then existing between the Northern and Southern attitudes toward the negro. There may have been a slight change since he wrote, but it is only slight. He said that the average Northerner loves the negro in the abstract but has no use for him in the concrete, while the Southerner hates him in the abstract but loves the individual black man or woman.

I sometimes wonder if we Universalists are not to be distinguished from some other folks in a similar way. They have no use for the last of the principles of our faith, or are not willing to assert their belief in it, but they are doing their best to save the individuals they can reach: we love to think and speak of "the one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves," but we are not so likely to go out into Elm Street and other streets, some less and some more attractive, and compel them to come in, by the power of a love that can look into clear brown eyes and win a responsive look or love.

If we can do that, we shall not only have a thousand people in some of our Sunday schools, but twenty years from now these boys and girls will be living in New England instead of taking us to live with them in New Italy, or New Russia, or New Turkey.

Stanley Manning.

Boston, May 17, 1922.

For the Quiet Hour

If we are indeed here to perfect and complete our own natures, and grow larger, stronger and more sympathetic against some nobler career in the future, we had all best bestir ourselves to the utmost while we have time.

R. L. Stevenson.

Life is the finest of the Fine Arts; it has to be learned with life-long patience and the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumphantly.

Henry Drummond.

All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden's gate,
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who can not say,
"Not mine, but Thine," who only pray,
"Let this cup pass," and can not see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

Anon.

The only true service is vital service. What you offer to-day will not be the same that you brought last week—or it ought not to be. There should be a deeper knowledge of the Lord, through experience, it may be, of suffering which makes the offering really richer. Many Christians have a strange idea of accounting for sickness and sorrow. They say, "Ah, yes, we think the Lord can not do His work without us, but lays us down to show us that He can." It seems to me the greatest wonder is that He can do *with* us, and can use such pens to write His sweet messages, and such stammering tongues to carry His words, and such faithless hearts on which to write His name and His tender love tokens.

Anna Shipton.

People will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it.

Ruskin.

Men every day measure the Christ by themselves. How much better if we measured ourselves by the Christ.

Lew Wallace.

"Do not pray for crutches, but for wings."

If I can not realize my Ideal,
I can at least idealize my Real.

William C. Gannett.

A life spent in brushing clothes and washing crockery, and sweeping floors—a life which the proud of the earth would have treated as the dust under their feet; a life spent at the clerk's desk; a life spent in the narrow shop; a life spent in the laborers' hut—may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown.

Canon Farrer.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

A LETTER FROM GREENSBORO, N. C.

I wish hereby to acknowledge and to reciprocate the Easter greetings of the Mission Circles of the North to Mrs. Kellerman and myself. We heartily appreciate them and we do all we can here in this mission field to deserve them. We have many experiences peculiar to these fields. I am in receipt of some beautiful letters lately in appreciation of the literature on Universalism which I send out.

And, through the *Leader*, may I again solicit literature from the Mission Circles? Will not some, whose eyes fall kindly upon these lines, purchase a copy of "A Layman's Religion," "Which Way," the "Discussion" (between Professor Tousey and Dr. Abbott), "The Philosophy of Universalism" or some of Dr. Hanson's little books, and send to me? I have three requests now lying on my desk, two for the first mentioned above and one for the third. I buy a good many and give them away and many others have been contributed. I shall most cordially thank any Circles, or individuals, who will come to my assistance.

R. S. Kellerman.

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FIRST C. B. G. LIFE MEMBERS

The Clara Barton Guild, of Wausau, Wisconsin, has the distinction of having its president, Miss Hazel Roloff, the first life member of the organization. The $25 which this represents was a gift to Miss Roloff from one of the loyal women of the church who is interested in the Guild and in the young women who make up its membership. This is an example which is worthy of being followed elsewhere and we hope before the year ends there may be other names added to this one.

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PRIZE WINNING GUILDS

In the recent Mary Hill Literature Box Contest the prize for the best box on Japan was won by the Clara Barton Guild of Fitchburg, Mass. Honorary mention was granted the Junior Guilds of Canandaigua, N. Y., and Kinston, N. C.

The prize for the best box illustrating the home mission text book, "Playing Square with To-morrow," was won by the Woonsocket, R. I., Guild. Each box entered in the contest was a credit to the Guild submitting it and this fact should be an incentive for further effort.

The judges were Dr. John Smith Lowe, Mrs. Fred A. Moore, Literature Secretary of the W. N. M. A., and Miss Grace F. White, President of the Massachusetts W. U. M. S. The Reading Contest, which is in process now, will close June 15. We wish it were possible during this time for these boxes to be circulated throughout our denomination. Those in churches where they are to be seen have a treat in store!

* *

THIS THING OF GIVING

I do not understand it, any more than you do, but there is something about this thing of giving that blesses us.

No man has ever impoverished himself by giving. It can not be done. Those who give most, have most left. No man has ever died poor because of that which he gave away. No one has ever gone hungry after giving away his bread; some way, somewhere, bread has been provided for him.

I believe that every one who gives a penny will get it back a hundredfold. I believe that every one who dries a tear with his assistance will be spared the shedding of a thousand tears. I believe that every sacrifice we make will so enrich us in the future that our regret will be we did not sacrifice the more.

This thing of giving! A glorious privilege it is! How meaningless now is money that is hoarded. How hateful to himself and to his fellows is he who does not answer to the call for aid. Give—and in the giving live the life a human being is entitled to enjoy. Give—and let no thought of sorrow abide with you because you did not give. Give—and somewhere, from out the clouds, or from the sacred depths of human hearts, a melody divine will reach your ears, and gladden all your days upon the earth.—*Selected.*

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Fatherless, Motherless, Friendless except for Americans. For such Armenian Waifs Universalist Sunday Schools Have This Year Given Over $7,000.

* *

GARDINER GAINS

The church at Gardiner, Maine, is making most gratifying gains, largely because of the Sunday school activities. This school uses the slogans with spirit and enters into every good plan that is advanced. So co-operation wins.

* *

PROFESSOR MILES WILL SERVE

Already the chairman of the committee on recommendations and resolutions for the Worcester Convention has been appointed. Very appropriately, Prof. Edson R. Miles, who teaches pastoral care at St. Lawrence, will lead in directing the business and sentiment. With him will be associated aggressive men and women from different sections of the country.

* *

MR. HEMPEL AT LYNN

The work of Mr. Carl A. Hempel as director of young people's activities at Lynn has been so signally successful that the church has no thought of relinquishing its claim on his services. In calling for the annual budget, the Board of Management strikes a clear note: Last year we stressed the need of money for church repairs—stone and brick and mortar. This year we appeal for the lives of boys and girls—the living stones of our spiritual temple.

* *

A COMMITTEE FOR OPENING PROGRAMS

Have you a program committee in your Sunday school? North Adams, Mass., has. This is the way it works. The board appoints a committee which is responsible for the arrangement of the opening service for each Sunday. This is handed to the superintendent, who gladly carries out the program in a most dignified way. Here, busy superintendent, is a fine way for you to have a progressive, educational program!

* *

MISS KIRK AND HER NEEDLE

In a recent letter Rev. Hazel I. Kirk, writing from Shizuoka, Japan, says: My sewing class started again after I returned from Tokyo. There is quite a sentiment now in Japan in favor of foreign clothes for primary school children, and even for some of older years, but especially the smaller ones, and if you could see some of the caricatures offered as foreign clothes you would be glad to be helping even in a small way to show them some good-looking garments.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

May 27. 3 p. m. Universalist Historical Society, special meeting, Hotel Oakland, Oakland, Cal.

May 27-30. Universalist Pilgrimage to Murray Grove.

June 6. Visitation and Donation Day Doolittle Universalist Home, Foxborough, Mass.

June 6-8. Iowa State Convention, Osage.

June 7. Rhode Island Universalist Convention, First Church, Providence.

June 19-22. Pennsylvania State Convention, Church of Restoration, Philadelphia.

June 30-July 2. Texas Convention, Elgin.

July 9. Maine State Chapter Universalist Comrades All-Maine meeting, Tacoma Inn, Tacoma Lake, Maine.

July 16-19. General Sunday School Association, annual Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 19-23. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 24-30. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Me.

July 15-Sept. 5. Universalist Summer Gatherings, Murray Grove, N. J.

July 28-Aug. 7. Southen Universalist Young People's Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

July 31-Aug. 5. G. S. S. A. Institute, Ferry Beach.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,408
Danbury, Conn.	1
Pittsfield, Maine	16
Rumford, Me.	1
Melrose, Mass.	15
Minneapolis, Minn.	5
Hutchinson, Kan.	3
Total	1,449

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 89. Melrose, Mass. 10. Total, 99.

PERSONAL

Mr. S. T. Kirk, 38 Capen St., Medford Hillside, has been appointed state chairman for Massachusetts for the Comrades' Campaign for funds for the Washington Church and the Perin-Cate Home.

Miss Harriet Druley, who will graduate from Canton Theological School in June, was ordained April 13 at the Henderson, N. Y., church, Dean John Murray Atwood and Prof. E. R. Miles taking part in the service. Miss Druley expects to take regular charge of the Henderson parish immediately after graduation.

Alabama

Birmingham.—Rev. Charles E. Clark, D. D., pastor. During the year that Dr. Clark has been pastor here, there has been splendid unity of spirit. Fourteen members have joined the church, and many other people have become interested and are attending the services. We have had visits from Dr. Stanard Dow Butler, Dr. L. W. Coons, Dr. George A. Gay, Rev. Lyman Ward, and Rev. F. B. Bishop, Southern Superintendent, while our most recent visit from a representative of the denomination was that of Dr. Huntley, who was with us in April.

California

Riverside.—Rev. Willard C. Selleck, D. D., pastor. Reports at the annual meeting in April showed a year of growth and progress. With the help of a contribution of $500 from Dr. Norman Bridge of Los Angeles, $500 from a Riverside gentleman not of our communion, and other smaller though generous gifts, we have been able to raise $2,500 to endow a room at the new Community Hospital. The church has also contributed over $200 during the past year to the Near East Relief, as well as giving support to the Japan Mission, the Salvation Army, and the Chinese Famine Relief, which seems very certain evidence that we are not "living for ourselves alone." The business affairs of the church have been carefully attended to by the trustees, who have met regularly once a month, usually with a full attendance, and much credit is due Mr. Walter M. Oatley for his faithful service as treasurer. During the past year, Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D., of Minneapolis, Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, Captain C. McClelland of the Salvation Army, and Rev. L. O. Williams of Buffalo have given addresses from this pulpit. During January, February and March, Dr. Selleck gave a Sunday evening course of lectures on "History and Christianity—A Study of the Development of Spiritual Religion in Relation to the Progress of Civilization." Eight of these lectures he repeated at the Church of the People in Los Angeles.

Connecticut

Danbury.—Easter was fittingly observed here, Rev. Elliot B. Barber supplying the pulpit. According to the custom, an early service was held at six a. m., in recognition of the discovery of the resurrection. A large number were present. At 10.30 an impressive service was held, and one member received into the church. The usual profusion of lilies adorned the pulpit. In the afternoon the Sunday school in a service of story and song, gave a presentation of the Easter message.

Florida

St. Petersburg.—Friends from all over the country who have attended our services here will rejoice to learn the General Convention has promised us financial aid in erecting a church. We have a splendid field here, for, strange to say, the winter visitors who come to this city are churchgoers, and we feel certain that when our church is built, its services will be as well attended as are those of the other churches. A committee has been appointed to decide upon a suitable location for the building, and donations for the purchase of the lot have already been deposited in the bank. Rev. Louis J. Richards has been elected pastor for the coming year, and officers are as follows: Trustees, Max Fitz, George West and Rufus Cole; treasurer, Thomas R. West; secretary, Bertha L. Haskins; deacons, Mr. Fitz and Mr. West.

Illinois

Elgin.—Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., pastor. "Did Jesus Mean It?" was the topic of a series of sermons given recently by Dr. Adams, which included the following subjects: "The Other Cheek," "Guaranteeing a To-morrow," "The Mathematics of Hate," and "Killing Your Enemy." There was much rejoicing at the Comrades' meeting the last Wednesday in April when it was announced that $506.20 had so far been secured for the Washington Church and the Perin Cate Home, the quota assigned to this church being $500.

Hoopeston.—Rev. Carl A. Polson, pastor. By the appropriation of the trustees of a certain sum for publicity, it has become possible to issue "The Reminder," which, as its name indicates, serves as a reminder of the activities of the church. For the present it will be issued quarterly. A fine quartet, under the direction of Mrs. Esther Allen Petry, furnishes music at all our services. The Comrades are having some splendid meetings. Fifty-one men, including the committee which prepared and served a most appetizing meal, were present at the last meeting, when Rev. Walter Macpherson, of Joliet, was the speaker. At the next meeting, June 1, Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., of Elgin, will speak.

Indiana

Cloverdale, Cunot Community Church.—A year ago, upon the invitation of a few men of the community, Rev. John R. Hand conducted a few services here. Since that time he has been holding monthly services, and more often when opportunity offered. Now we have an organized church and a growing Sunday school, the latter being organized April 9 with thirty-eight present. On May 7 sixty-three were present. The building has been repaired, a new lighting

system installed, new hymn books purchased, and we close the year with all current expenses paid and a balance in the treasury. Evening congregations usually tax the capacity of the building. The pastor and the people are looking to still greater progress in the year to come, a broader community fellowship, larger denominational activity, and membership in a circuit with regular ministerial service.

Kansas

Hutchinson.—Rev. George A. Miller, pastor. The recent visits of Dr. Lowe, General Superintendent, and Miss Susan Andrews, field secretary of the W. N. M. A., have yielded good results. A fine musical program for Easter vespers brought out an audience which packed the house. Three united with the church. A number of new people have been attending our services lately.

Maine

Pittsfield.—Rev. Sidney J. Willis, pastor. On Women's Day, April 30, Miss Hattie Cleaves took charge of the service, assisted by Mrs. Charles E. Vickery. Mrs. Albert T. Spaulding spoke most effectively of the work and place of the Clara Barton Guild, and Mrs. Sidney Willis presented most ably the work of the Mission Circle. Mothers' Day was observed with an attendance nearly equal to that of Easter. Automobiles brought many aged and infirm to the church. Three babies were christened. In the afternoon, at an impressive and beautiful service, sixteen were received into the church, several among this group being leading business men of the town.

West Paris.—Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, pastor. "The Glory of the Madonna" was the subject of the Mothers' Day sermon, May 14. Sweet fern, carnations, and white wild flowers decorated the altar. The beautiful little church seemed filled with the spirit of the day. Music was under the direction of Miss Alice Barden. There were sixty-five present at Sunday school. A brief talk was given on the history and meaning of Mothers' Day.

Portland, Congress Square.—Rev. James F. Albion, D. D., pastor. A beautiful and impressive memorial service for the thirteen members of the organization who are deceased was the feature of the annual meeting of the Mission Circle, at which Mrs. Albion, wife of the pastor and president of the Circle, presided. Officers were re-elected as follows: Honorary president, Mrs. George S. Hunt; president, Mrs. James F. Albion; vice-presidents, Mrs. James E. Marriner and Mrs. S. D. Bartlett; treasurer, Mrs. F. R. Farrington; secretary, Mrs. W. E. Chapman. The report given by the secretary showed much accomplished during the year for the Seacoast Mission, to which contributions of both money and clothing have been given, and also that generous support had been given to the Midori Kindergarten in Japan, to the Southern work, to the Armenians, and to local charities.

Massachusetts

Fitchburg.—Rev. F. W. Gibbs, pastor. The Fitchburg Associates, an organization of men, have recently changed their name to the Men's Club. The president, Mr. F. D. Page, at a recent meeting, brought before the members certain facts relative to the conduct of other clubs in the state and presented ideas which, it is hoped, will later bear fruit. There was a splendid service Easter morning, when the special music was under the direction of Mr. Arnold. In the evening a service consisting of songs and exercises by the members of the church school was held under the direction of the Y. P. C. U. Friday evening, April 21, the Enterprise Club had a Gentleman's Night, which was an especially enjoyable occasion.

Marlboro.—Rev. Paul Harris Drake, pastor. Six new members were received into the church on Easter Sunday and the attendance was the largest of the year. The Sunday school has been steadily growing and a Y. P. C. U., numbering nearly twenty enthusiastic young people, has been organized. Sunday evening services were held from January until Easter, the topic of the sermons being "The Messages of the Prophets of Yesterday to the Peoples of To-day." During Lent mid-week noon services were held with special speakers. A Comrades' Chapter has been organized and the men have taken an active part in the work of the church. The Ladies' Circle has doubled its membership since January. Beginning with April the parish has been publishing a monthly church calendar. Plans are being made to send one or more of our Sunday school teachers to one of the Summer Institutes. On May 28, Mr. Drake wil preach the memorial sermon to the G. A. R. and allied patriotic societies, who have accepted an invitation to attend this church.

Newtonville.—Rev. Clifford D. Newton, pastor. The annual parish meeting was one of the best for several years. A recent house-to-house canvass met with much success. At the installation of our new pastor, Mr. Newton, Dr. John Smith Lowe, Dr. George E. Leighton, Dr. Charles Conklin, Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt, and Dr. Ross of the Methodist denomination were present. A reception to Mr. and Mrs. Newton will be held May 22.

North Adams.—Rev. Albert Hammatt, pastor. For several years past the five principal Protestant churches have held union services during Holy Week, and the results have been so gratifying that this year a more extensive series was undertaken. On each Sunday evening of Lent a meeting was held at one of the churches, a pastor from another church preaching the sermon, and all the pastors assisting in the service, while during the three weeks preceding Lent, a service was held every evening except Saturday. On Sunday morning each minister preached in his own pulpit, using the same text and topic which the other pastors were using. Liberal space was given to the movement in the daily papers, in which abbreviated reports of the sermons were printed. Booklets containing the dates of all the services, the place of meeting and the name of the preacher, were distributed.

Palmer.—Rev. A. N. Foster, pastor. The last of a series of Sunday afternoon vesper services, which have proved popular and stimulating, was held on Easter Sunday. Woman's Day was observed Sunday, April 30, under the auspices of the Mission Circle. The men have recently placed a "wayside pulpit" in front of the church. As it faces the much traveled state highway from Springfield to Boston, it commands much attention.

Michigan

Lansing.—Rev. G. H. Ashworth, pastor. At Easter the attendance was large, and twenty-eight united with the church. The offering was the largest in the history of the church. The Men's Club has been doing excellent work and has presented some very fine programs of entertainment and instruction. The Mission Circle has been whole-heartedly supported, and a splendid work carried forward. The Ladies' Circle continues to act as pastor's assistant and financial fountain for the trustees. We united with five downtown churches in conducting a series of Community Lenten services, which were well attended and developed a fine spirit of fellowship. The Masonic body, Capitol Lodge No. 66, of which Mr. Ashworth is chaplain, attended a service here recently.

Minnesota

Minneapolis, Redeemer.—Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D., pastor. Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon, assistant pastor. April was the busiest and most gratifying month of the year. Passion Week services were more largely attended than ever before and on Easter the church was completely filled. The annual banquet, under the auspices of the Men's Club, held at the Leamington, was the largest we have had for years. Two hundred and nineteen were present. Mr. Reamon acted as toastmaster, and there were addresses by Dr. W. W. Folwell, Dr. C. A. Prosser and Dr. Shutter. Dr. Shutter has recently lectured before the Tuesday Club at Gethsemane Church, on "Court Fools of Shakespeare," at the Grant Centennial, under the auspices of the G. A. R., on "The Civil Administration of Grant," and before the Republican Women's Forum, on "The Rehabilitation of Political Parties."

New York

Henderson.—The one hundredth Easter of the church was observed this year,

when Prof. H. P. Morrell of Canton Theological School preached the sermon. The church is at work and thriving, and with the coming of Rev. Harriet Druley as pastor in June, the prospects for the continuance of that condition seem certain.

Cicero.—Rev. Julia M. Tobey, pastor. A service was conducted three days before Easter by Miss Tobey and Professor Morrell of Canton Theological School. On Easter Sunday thirteen united with the church, the largest number for several years. On April 26 a calendar and experience social was held which netted us nearly $100.

Macedon.—Rev. J. A. Judge, pastor. Since Mr. Judge became pastor here last January, congregations have been steadily increasing. He has organized a men's class which meets at the parsonage Monday evenings. At Easter three united with the church.

Middleville.—On Thursday, April 27, a farewell reception was given to Rev. and Mrs. Albert N. Lindsay, who have gone to Philadelphia. At 6.30 a banquet was served, and at 8 o'clock the guests adjourned to the auditorium, where first a musical and literary program was given, and then came speeches by Dr. I. S. Edsoll, of the Methodist church, Mr. Myron J. Casler, superintendent of the County Home, where Mr. Lindsay had been a frequent visitor and helper, and Mr. H. E. Jackson, president of the board of trustees, who all paid Mr. Lindsay high tribute for his work in church and community and expressed regret that he and his family were going away. As an expression of esteem, he was presented with a purse of gold by the people of the church. During his pastorate of three years, many new members have been received into the church, the Sunday school has grown and the society is in fine condition financially. The good wishes of the people go with him.

Whitesville.—Rev. Klaas Oosterhuis, pastor. The church had been closed for some time until last December when Mr. Oosterhuis became pastor here. Since then we have been making steady progress. While our morning attendances have averaged only about forty, our evening attendances have exceeded all expectations. On several occasions the church has been packed to its capacity, and the average attendance has been about sixty or seventy. The Sunday school has been reorganized, with about eighty members enrolled. The Y. P. C. U. has been started up again and shows good progress.

North Carolina

Inman's Chapel.—At the Sunday school service in the morning of Easter Sunday fifty-one were present. Two children were christened. Dinner was served on the grounds to about 130 people. In the afternoon a service was held with an Easter sermon by Rev. Hannah J. Powell, and communion.

Ohio

Belpre.—This society is the oldest Universalist organization west of the Ohio River. It is planning for its one hundredth anniversary next month, when its members hope to have the State Convention meet with them for the celebration. The church building, a pretty white frame structure, in a small grove on the bank of the Ohio River, is to be enlarged by the addition of a basement. At present the church is without a pastor. Rev. Hal H. Lloyd of the Marietta Unitarian church supplies the pulpit. Elmer Druley, the son of a former pastor, is superintendent of the Sunday school, and occasionally preaches.

Caledonia.—Rev. I. V. Lobdell, State Superintendent, recently conducted a series of meetings here. Attendance was good from the start. Music was furnished by a choir composed mostly of young men. On the Sunday of Mr. Lobdell's visit, an all-day service was held, attended also by friends from Mt. Gilead and Marion. At the afternoon service seven united with the church, six of whom were young men.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Messiah.—Rev. Herbert E Benton, pastor. A mistake was made in crediting this church with twenty-six Easter accessions. Only nine were received at that time, the total since Easter, 1921, being seventeen.

Linesville.—Rev. J. L. Dowson, pastor. A search for isolated Universalists in this neighborhood, undertaken by Mr. Dowson, resulted in finding sixteen men and women, who united with our church Sunday, May 7. There are others to be gathered in. Forty-four have joined this church during the present pastorate.

Scranton.—Rev. William H. McGlauflin, D. D., pastor. We have had a busy winter. A week of meetings at which Dr. John Smith Lowe was the speaker filled the church and impressed the city. The annual business meeting showed all current bills paid and a balance on hand. Benevolent and missionary contributions for the year were $1,395.11; gain in church members, eighteen, and in families, nine. Laymen's Day was observed Feb. 19, Young People's Day Feb. 26, and Women's Day April 30. Mr. Harold F. Gartley of Philadelphia, Miss Matsu Koyama of Japan, and Miss Bernice Kent of Geneseo, N. Y., have recently been speakers at this church. Miss Kent is a prospective missionary. Dr. McGlauflin was one of the speakers at the Union Lenten meetings in the Strand Theater in which seven churches participated. He also spoke at the Immanuel Baptist Church on "The Heart of Christianity," and at the Poli Theater Sunday afternoon, May 14. Easter brought a record congregation and four people were given the right hand of fellowship.

Rhode Island

Providence, First.—Rev. R. R. Hadley, pastor. Mr. Fred M. Ralton, 35 Linden St., has been appointed local chairman of Comrades' Campaign for funds for the Washington Church and the Perin-Cate Home.

Pawtucket.—Rev. Julian S. Cutler, pastor. At the annual meeting, May 8, there was a good attendance, and reports of the various officials showed the church to be in most excellent condition. The treasurer claimed that his report was the best ever made by a treasurer of the church. It showed all bills paid and a balance of several hundred dollars on hand. The Easter attendance was the largest during the present pastorate. On this day a beautiful memorial window was dedicated with appropriate and impressive ceremonies. The pastor gave a short address and there was special music by the vested choir. The past year has been a progressive one. New families are coming in, and the Sunday school is growing steadily. The annual fair, April 5-6, was most successful. The Men's Club gave a turkey supper in February at which more than three hundred people were present. The vestry and auditorium are to be redecorated at once, and an addition, which is much needed, built on the kitchen. Mr. Cutler has been unanimously invited to remain for the coming year. This is the fourteenth year of his present pastorate.

Vermont

Brattleboro.—Rev. E. P. Wood, pastor. More than two hundred people attended the sixteenth biennial roll call and supper, when Rev. Delmar E. Trout, former pastor of this church, now pastor of St. Paul's Church in Springfield, Mass., was the speaker. On Holy Thursday communion was observed and six were received into the church, two more joining since that time. Work on the parish house is progressing and by fall the Universalist and Unitarian societies will be united under the name of All Souls Church, the Unitarian edifice being the future house of worship. The Y. P. C. U. has recently given a series of illustrated lectures, the pastor conducting them, and selections from Dr. Rose's series being used.

Wisconsin

Markesan.—Rev. G. A. King, pastor. Mr. King preached the sermon and Mr. Harry Price acted as prelate at the Knights Templars Easter service, which was held at this church, attended by the Berlin Commandery No. 10 and visiting members. The collection was dedicated to the Near East Relief. Dinner was served in the dining room of the church, following the service.

* *

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

May I through the columns of the *Leader* thank the many friends who sent me affectionate greetings at Easter? There were too many to acknowledge personally,

but I would like all the senders to know how very much I appreciated their thoughtfulness and how much happier my Easter was because of these messages of cheer and good-will from the Homeland.

Hazel I. Kirk.

* *

THE YALE CONVOCATION

Yale's thirteenth annual Convocation, April 24-26, was a splendid example of Christian fellowship. The lectures included the Lyman Beecher Lecture by Rev. William Pierson Merrill, D. D., of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York, who took for his subject, "The Freedom of the Preacher;" the Nathaniel W. Taylor Lecture on Theology, by Prof. James Bissett Pratt, of Williams College, whose books so many ministers have been reading; and a lecture by Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D. D., Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York, who discussed the issue in the Baptist Church between the Fundamentalists and the Evangelicals, or Liberals. "For a real orthodoxy," Dr. Woelfkin declared, "I have the highest reverence, but as for Mr. Bryan's 'chatterboxy' in regard to evolution, as well as to certain other historical theological matters, I share the university-trained man's lack of respect." His plea was for brotherliness and open-mindedness, for unity in spirit and action, rather than for an impossible uniformity in belief.

A symposium on "What the Second Coming of Christ Means to Me" brought forth much interesting discussion. Professor Porter, of the Theological School, presented an interpretation of Biblical teachings, and Dr. Bainton told of the numerous occasions upon which various bodies of Christians have prepared for the reappearance of Jesus during these "two thousand years of millennial hope."

The program closed with a dinner at which Dr. Seeley K. Tompkins, D. D., of Brockton, Mass., was the speaker. His address was a protest against the salesmanship theory of "putting religion over," whereby religion became not an inward, but an outward, experience. "The function of the Church," he declared, "is not to gain the whole world if thereby it must lose its own soul."

* *

DOOLITTLE UNIVERSALIST HOME FOR AGED PERSONS, INC.

Anniversary, Visitation and Donation Day at the Home, Foxborough, Massachusetts, all day Tuesday, June 6, 1922. All New England Universalists are cordially invited. Details next week.

* *

Notices

LEADERS WANTED

If you have issues of *The Leader* for April 8 and April 15, which you no longer want, will you please mail them to Universalist Headquarters, 176 Newbury Street, Boston?

* *

RHODE ISLAND CONVENTION

The Rhode Island Convention will meet in the First Church, Providence, Wednesday, June 7.

BOSTON UNIVERSALIST CLUB

This year as last year, the Boston Universalist Club will co-operate with the Y. P. C. U. in holding memorial exercises at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, on Sunday afternoon, May 28, at 3.30.

Rev. L. L. Lewis of Melrose, representing the Club, and Rev. Stanley Manning, representing the Y. P. C. U., will be the speakers. Members of the Club are asked to bring flowers for the decoration of the graves.

* *

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

The Boston Ministers' Meetings on Monday morning at Universalist Headquarters have been discontinued until the fall.

* *

FERRY BEACH NOTES

The Ferry Beach season is from July 21 to August 27. The institutes are as follows: Young People's Week, July 24-30. Sunday School Institute, July 31-August 6. Missionary Institute, August 7-13. Comrades' Days, Mr. Fred C. Carr of Providence, R. I., chairman, Aug. 12-13.

Annual membership in the Association is $1.00 a year. Life membership, $25, and for $100 one may become a patron member. Our plant, consisting of two hotels, cottage, pavilion, and beautiful grove, represents an investment of thousands of dollars. We want to have it serve many more people yearly and thus spread its influence.

Application for accommodations and all requests for information should be addressed to the secretary Rev. Clinton Scott, 1620 Master St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* *

FERRY BEACH FAIR

All articles for the Annual Ferry Beach Fair, Aug. 1, should be sent to Mrs. C. A. Polsey, 18 Summit Road, Medford, Mass. After July 21, they should be sent to Quillen House, Old Orchard, Me. Members and friends are asked to solicit articles from the Ladies' Aid, or other organizations, in the local churches. The proceeds of this fair are expended in making needed improvements at Ferry Beach.

* *

CHURCH HARMONIES

We have about one hundred copies of "Church Harmonies," 1909 edition, which we would be glad to give to any Universalist church which would like to have them and will pay the express charges.

Albert C. Grier.
Corner Sixth Avenue and Jefferson St.,
Spokane, Wash.

* *

NOW READY

Universalist Year Book for 1922

Contains minutes and reports of the Detroit Conventions, and auxiliary organizations, statistics and directory of local churches, and list of Universalist ministers.

240 pages of valuable information.

Price $1. Special price to ministers.

Send order to

Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
176 *Newbury St.,*
Boston, Mass.

* *

IOWA COMMITTEE OF FELLOWSHIP

A letter of License has been granted for one year, beginning May 11, to Rev. Gustave Zastrow, of the Unitarian Church, now pastor of our church at Boone, Iowa.

O. G. Colegrove,
F. J. Drake,
A. W. Altenbern,
Committee.

* *

IOWA CONVENTION

The Iowa State Convention will meet at Osage, June 6-8. At the Y. P. C. U. Convention, which will be held Tuesday, June 6, at 1.30 p. m., Rev. Lucy Markley of Chicago will be the speaker. At the W. U. M. S., immediately following, Mrs. W. C. Caldwell of Muncie, Ind., will speak. At the regular sessions of the Convention, besides the Iowa ministers, there will be the following speakers: Rev. L. R. Robinson, Mid-West Superintendent; Rev. C. W. Reese, D. D., of the Unitarian fellowship, Chicago; Dr. Joseph Mayo Tilden, of Galesburg, Ill., and Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D., of Minneapolis. A banquet will be held Wednesday evening, and the Convention will adjourn Thursday noon.

All Universalists within reach are cordially invited. Please notify Rev. A. W. Altenbern, Osage, of the time of your arrival and departure, as well as of the number in your party, that proper accommodations may be secured.

"Camp Wamego for Boys"

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Special attention to the upbuilding of character, self-reliance and developing of initiative.

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